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SEPTEMBER, 1899.

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Books & Papers.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY for August is a grand Midsummer Art and Fiction Number. It is brilliant and entertaining in its literary contents, and sumptuous pictorially, as may be judged from the fact that among its writers are included; W. D. Howells, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Joel Chandler Harris, Egerton Castle, Van Tassel Sutphen, Edgar Fawcett, Etta W. Pierce, C. F. Carter, Theodosia Pickering Garrison, Perriton Maxwell, Larkin G. Mead, Eben E. Rexford and B. K. Munkittrick; these illustrated by such well known artists as Albert B. Wenzell, Howard Chandler Christy, F. Luis Mora, W. Granville Smith, F. Hopkinson Smith, Hugh M. Eaton, Clifford Carleton, Charles Grunwald, H. C. Edwards, Frank Adams and Geo. R. Brill. Moreover, the single article upon Weddings in Art is illustrated with sixteen beautiful reproductions of paintings by celebrated European and American masters, including Teniers, Erdmann, Vautier, Riefsthal, Hovenden, Moran, Turner, Leighton, Mosler and Luke Fildes. William Dean Howells gives, in quaint and delightful verse, the gastronomical observations of one of our fellow-countrymen at Carlsbad, who declares, "Breakfast is my best meal!" Joel Chandler Harris contributes one of his inimitable Minerva Ann stories; while Ruth McEnery Stuart's Queen o' Sheba's Triumph, is destined to rank among her masterpieces. Van Tassel Sutphen shows, in a wonderful imaginative work of fiction, entitled *The Greatest Thing in the World*; how this country is rapidly becoming goitricized. Edgar Fawcett spins a weird yarn. *The Lid of the Chest*. Etta W. Pierce's *Miss Angel* is more cheerful. Larkin G. Mead writes a crisp little newspaper storyette, called *Human Interest*. *A Day of the President's Life*; by Mrs. John A. Logan, is no fiction, but highly interesting actuality. The midsummer cover, in colors, is by Wenzell. This number will surely rank "FRANK LESLIE'S" as the monarch of the 10 cent magazines.

British Honduras was originally a portion of Guatemala. In the days of piracy in the Caribbean Sea, English pirates used to run in to the harbor of Balize for safety. They soon founded a small settlement there, without any right or warrant. The few natives were either annihilated or driven away. Other English and Scotch adventurers soon joined the pirates and British commanders either connived at or aided them in their opposition first to Spain and then to the Republic of Guatemala. For two centuries England tried every means diplomatic and military to secure a legal status for Balize. At first she was satisfied at obtaining the right of protection for so-called British subjects, in reality pirates. She always had cunning enough to insert the deceptive clause "Saving the au-

thority of Spain over the country." This claim grew stronger till in 1862, during the War of the Rebellion, when England, took advantage of our troubled state of affairs and no longer feared the waning power of Spain, declared Honduras a free British colony. The way for this steal had been prepared by Mr. Clayton, the American commissioner for the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in which, among other things, the concession of a participation in the Nicaragua Canal was granted to England and also the promise of the United States not to include British Honduras in any farther negotiations in regard to the Central American Republics. Never did man yield more easily what every true American, who loved the integrity of the Continent, should have refused. Where was the Monroe Doctrine at this time? Where the readiness to repel all foreign pretensions which is so pronounced in our own day?—*Donahoe's for August*.

THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT by H. L. Hastings. This little pamphlet of ninety-four pages is one among the many books that should be read for the information it contains. Bible readers will accept it with pleasure. It was written with careful thought and in language that bears so uncertain definition. It is also from the pen of one whose name is so familiarly known in the literature of good books, that we accept it without question. We follow the author; "Everything which passes through human hands is liable to be altered, corrupted and vitiated, and sacred books form no exception to this rule. The integrity of a book may be impaired every time it is copied. In copying any writing bad men might make alterations, careless men might make mistakes, and good men might seek to change and improve the things which they were copying, and so, in one way or another, the integrity of the document might be seriously impaired. This no intelligent person can deny." Pub. by H. L. Hastings, 47 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

THE JOURNAL OF HYGEO-THERAPY for July. Dr. Gifford has an article on the "Science of Life," which renders valuable information for those who read to be better informed. Practical instructions on the science of life that all may read and be able to understand becomes a treasure of inestimable value. Home Breweries touches a tender spot in the minds of all temperance people. Many a hard word has been thrown at Deacon Gile's distillery by the would be zealous lecturer and yet he may have at the same time been innocently and ignorantly generating alcohol in his own home. Pub. by Dr. T. V. Gifford & Co., Kokomo, Ind.

ARE PROTESTANTS, CATHOLICS? by Rev. R. O. Kennedy. This is a small pamphlet of some twenty-two pages and written very pleasantly in the interest of those who would be saved. Pub. at Notre Dame, Ind. Price 5 cents.

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The Manifesto.

PUBLISHED BY THE SHAKERS.

Vol. XXIX.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

No 9.

Entered at the Post Office at East Canterbury, N. H., as Second-Class Matter.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.—Jno. v., 39.

By Elder Henry C. Blinn.

THE searching of the Scriptures is always new and interesting. It is like the storehouse of precious treasures,—the eye never tires with seeing, nor the ear with hearing. Those who have not grown to appreciate the study of the wonderful Book, will be more or less like those, who having eyes, see not the many beautiful things which God places before them.

We should study the Scriptures that we may be the better able to understand what the best inspiration of all ages has instructed men to do in the work of practical righteousness. It is the duty of a Christian to learn. It is also the duty of those who stand independent of the churches, and of their multiplied theologies, to learn how they may become better men and women.

When St. Paul advised his brethren concerning the Sabbath day, and closed his remarks so liberally by saying, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," and whether he keep Friday, Saturday or Sunday as a day of religious devotion, let him keep the day to the glory of God. So in reference to the study of the Scriptures. Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind that he understands them and obeys them with a good and honest heart.

The Christian church in its most extended sense is comparatively a limited order, and largely amalgamated with that quality which we are pleased to denominate the spirit of the world. It is greatly to our advantage and to the advantage of every progressive mind that the influence of disintegration has

wrought so effectually. It brought light into many dark places, and allowed an independence of thought which must be exercised by all rational beings. When there is life, there must be more or less growth of mind. If with this comes the practical righteousness which was taught by the mission of the Christ, it will largely assist in making the kingdoms of this world, the kingdoms of our Lord.

The Reformation allowed men to think and act, as they never thought and acted before, and this reformation still goes on dividing and subdividing the churches and scattering the endless systems of theology to the four winds of heaven. Man has now but little need of them. So also the war of the Revolution, while it brought to us, on every hand, the painful record of sorrow, it also brought to us the independence of the country, the independence of thought and measurably that freedom of soul with which God loves to bless his children. Our government recognizes no church, but gave to all the one great blessing of religious liberty. From this date, in the United States, a man for the first time, in the world's history, was permitted to think for himself and to choose the road by which he through anticipation, might reach the city of the New Jerusalem.

Do you suppose that a less number reach the kingdom of God, to-day in their freedom of thought and action, in their denunciations of churchal dogmas and soulless theological traditions, than were privileged to pass through the celestial gate in the days of Constantine?

God's light comes for the purpose of making men better, and it comes through the Godlike intelligence which rules the minds of men and women. To say that St. Paul was very shrewd and cautious and had a great point to gain, when on his mission to the church at Jerusalem, does not speak very highly for the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures. St. Paul was not Jesus and therefore is not our especial guide.

As we search the Scriptures for a closer walk with God, we are especially drawn to the sayings of Jesus, and these are used with an emphasis which is unmistakable, because we have chosen to be as he was, separated from the world. Jesus gives us to understand that he was not of that order and if any man would become his disciple he must deny himself and take up his cross and follow him—away from the world. The Revelator writes that we must be harvested from the vine of the earth, and this most assuredly separates us from the world and from all the relations which grow out of that order.

If the mission of Jesus was for the introduction of a new and spiritual life, as all Christians admit, then as certainly it forewarns us of the decline and death of the state in which we had formerly lived, and brings us into a resurrection order where all things are to become new. Instead of wars which have been the delight of man since the days of Cain, we are to have peace. Instead of evil imaginations and unrighteousness as in the days before the flood

we are commanded to purify the heart and to be crucified to the elements of the world.

Whosoever believes and lives in the resurrection testimony of the Lord Jesus Christ can never die, for his work is eternal life. So different is this from the children of this world, who follow the pleasures of time, that St. Paul tells us, they are dead, dead in their trespasses against light, even while their bodies are alive. The apostle's advice to try the spirits, means as well to prove the lives of religionists by the doctrines which they preach.

Advocates of peace principles are crying out against the warlike spirit of the age and then work with a corresponding zeal to inflame the passions of man, to rush to the battle field, and destroy the lives of each other.

The Christian prays as earnestly to God for victory over his enemies, as he prays for bread in time of famine. To denounce war as sin and then pray for victory to pass from city to city is praying that sin may abound. This knowledge comes through God's light to man and such a light as John Calvin, Martin Luther, and Roger Williams never saw.

It is the pleasure and indeed, the duty of the Shaker Church, so far as they have learned the operation of the spirit of truth, to zealously exalt the Lord their God.

This is manifested by accepting the revelation of light which leads us from ignorance and from selfishness to the blessing of an honorable life and of universal love.

East Canterbury, N. H.

"HE PASSED BY ON THE OTHER SIDE."

Read before the Church at Northfield, N. H., Sunday, June 4, 1899.

By Sarah F. Wilson.

WE have often read the touching narrative of the man who fell among thieves and was severely wounded while on his journey from Jerusalem to Jericho; of the Priest and Levite who passed that way, and seeing his needy condition very cautiously "passed by on the other side." Next came the good Samaritan, who tenderly bent over the injured man, providing most generously for his needs.

We may be more familiar with the incidents of the parable than with the Priest and Levite conditions in our own lives, as well as the good Samaritan qualities. Let us learn which of the illustrations will most closely fit our conduct. The Priest and Levite represented special classes serving as ministers to the people, held in their estimation nearer to God than any other order. That they had been the chosen instruments from the early history of God's people, seemed to have no weight with them at the critical moment when a practical service was needed; there was no ritual or ceremonial ob-

servance that required the Priest or Levite to pause and care for the wounded and dying man. They were, perhaps, hastening to Jerusalem to offer sacrifice unto God in the Temple. Sacrifice in the Temple! There are temples of God's construction, whose temples we are; yea, the temples of our bodies which should be so fully dedicated to his service that all our faculties will be employed in benefactions toward our fellow-man.

In this service we recognize, not only the Fatherhood above us, but the brotherhood around us. It is not our province, however, to condemn the Priest and Levite of the past; their ears had never heard the blessed sound of the Christ message,—“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me,” neither had they learned the truth, “If ye love not your brother whom ye have seen, how can ye love God, whom ye have not seen?” Their example is quite unlike that of some of our devoted ministers and missionaries of to-day.

The Rev. Charles Sheldon gives an ideal picture in one of his books, (but one that we hope may be verified) of a minister of the gospel, living in an aristocratic part of the city, moving from his gorgeously fitted parish in a wealthy locality, to dwell in a humbler position nearer the more needy population, whose homes were in the tenement houses, that he might work among the non-church-going classes. What was the result of this step? He was dismissed from the Church by the vote of its wealthy members! Had he “passed by on the other side,” hardening his heart to the crying needs of the common people, what would have been his reward? An extended popularity and support in a luxurious parish while ministering to a class of people upon whom Jesus Christ would have pronounced the sentence, “Woe unto you that are rich, for ye have received your consolation.” He would have missed that sweet reward from the Father which came to him in the assurance that he was reaching and saving those who most felt the need of a good Physician. Thus, to pass on the side where there is more regard for popularity than right principle is always taking the unchristian side, whether in Church work, in business, or in political life.

The question arises,—Why do we so often “pass by on the other side?” Is it not to avoid the self-sacrifice that is required should we press unflinchingly forward in the path of duty? But rendering the service of our lives merely from a sense of duty is synonymous to morality, alone. Did the good Samaritan act merely from a sense of duty or for human approval? The sympathy and love of his heart was touched and moved in compassion and practical helpfulness. No other element than the true love of God can be applied to his far-reaching kindness.

A life prompted merely by even the honorable obligation of faithfulness in duty will never constitute us the true disciples of Jesus Christ. “Duty is morality but Love is religion.” The Samaritan, although from an idolatrous nation had more of the gospel of love in his soul, than could be found in all the documents of the law.

Was Jesus Christ ever known to "pass by on the other side" when the lame, the halt, the blind, or even the leper sought his aid? The pages of sacred history are not once stained with such a betrayal of selfishness. Thus we have a perfect example, as a living reality to follow; not an ideal picture, an artistic sketch, or a work of the imagination. Do we "pass by on the other side" only when in connection with others? Ah, nay; we have an inner life. A new connection dawns upon our thought. Shall we obey it? That obedience involves the sacrifice of some idol we have long cherished; some mammon god we have worshiped. We can not sacrifice it, we argue, it would be hardly reasonable. Oh this harmful compromise! It leads us to "pass by on the other side." What would we not gain by obedience to that conviction. "Nearer my God to Thee, e'en though it be a cross that raiseth me." A nearness to God we should gain by bearing that cross, but compromise with conscience, the voice of God, leads to the other side.

Again, how many opportunities we pass by, conscious of the pressing need of that very work being accomplished, yet we deceive and persuade ourselves that we are not qualified for that particular mission, thus we pass by on the other side. How much talent we find reserved for personal, selfish enjoyment which, if laid out broadly either in home life or in community work would better, not only the conditions around us, but would widen and brighten the horizon of our own lives!

The opening for service comes to us all in different ways, not only according to our various conceptions of right, and willingness of heart, but kindly adapted to our different stations in life. At some time in our lives, we may, in our Christian zeal, long to do some more important work for Christ than that which has engaged our hands and heart. They are rather commonplace needs, we think, and we have met them so frequently that our minds have become hardened to their existence, therefore we look beyond for our Christian work. If the beyond should come to us, it would find us unfitted for the work, not having grown the ability for greater things, by faithfulness in the grains of life,—the very service we have overlooked.

There is one great reason why so many pass by on the side other than that of the immediate call of the spirit. There is a plank of excuse put down, and it bears us safely over, but we find ourselves on unhallowed ground. Is this not always a plank of selfish interest? The difficulties experienced by the rich young Ruler, is the same to-day. An excuse was in his heart if not on his lips before the great sacrifice to be made of all his wealth; hence, with all his goodness under the law, like the Priest and Levite, he passed by on the other side of the direct and unmistakable call of the Christ. Spiritual aspiration dies, and is often buried under the superabundance of wealth. The luxurious life, the selfish pleasure-seeking life can have no part in the Christ life. The good Samaritan is much needed in the earth to-day, represented by Christian men and women who will rescue those who are

falling among thieves. Aye! many of the pure and innocent are daily falling among thieves, who rob them of honor and virtue leaving them homeless, heartless, courageless, before the struggle of life. May the authority of Christ become so potent in our country that these moral thieves and robbers may be arrested before the evil is perpetrated, and thus not only morality but true, royal and loyal Christianity be preserved in our hearts, our homes, and in our community at large. Let us no longer pass by on the other side of the field of "present opportunity" that opens so liberally before us in service for the Master, but with the Quaker poet let us remember that we "may not pass this way again; therefore if there is any good thing I may do, let me do it Now."

East Canterbury, N. H.

A Farewell to Elder BENJAMIN H. SMITH.

By Josephine E. Wilson.

HOW reluctantly the word of parting is framed by the lips even to dear ones who are about to leave us for a few weeks or months, only, of absence. The hope of reunion remains with us, lightens our daily task, and brightens the darkest hour of life. "They will return!" Even after years of separation, we speak happily of the "coming home." But ah! how different "when the last farewell is spoken; severed the last, tender tie," then the law is irrevocable; they have crossed the bourne whence no traveler ever returns. Gradually, day by day, the verity grows upon us. We find ourselves unconsciously planning for "when they return." We knew so well the little human things which formed a part of the earth life! We knew so well the richness of their experience, and unwittingly we say, "when they return" all this will be renewed. It takes time, to realize that the voice of a loved one is forever hushed to the household, that "Nevermore" on this side shall we hear the step or meet the glance always so welcome; but all this comes,—ah, but too surely.

Elder Benjamin has joined the invisible "brotherhood of souls." "His reward is with him and his works do follow him." The memory of these loving works will ever follow us, for who was so kind to respond to the many calls of his large "household of Faith?" Who so conscientious that all his handiwork should keep close to the perfect pattern of the Master Workman, who drew his affections in early days. "Elder Benjamin is a good man." These simple words fell as a benediction from the lips of our sainted mother, Eldress Dorothy, during one of her last conscious moments. It is pleasant at this parting hour to repeat them, though in her memory they were enshrined in an acquaintance of a life-time. During the last months of feebleness it has been ours to minister, rather than to be ministered unto, and as

we realize, to-day, that the round of life and daily service has really closed for the present, the "Angel of the Heart" whispers, "We know not when the dear ones will leave us. Let each day, then, bear the fulness of Christian service, that the sunset of life may fade upon no regrets."

The good father has been gathered to "his own" among the "conquerors of Time." They draw our hearts after them into the "Beyond," but our footsteps linger still longer upon the strands of earth, while memory holds sacred the good life, the full measure, the kind brotherhood, the useful manhood that has so gently been drawn away from us into the holier sphere.

East Canterbury, N. H.

THE DIVINE OVERSHADOWING.

By Hamilton DeGraw.

IN all the systems of life that have in any measure evolved out of the gross materialism which was the result or reflection of man's unspiritualized condition as he existed in the ages before the quickening of the spiritual forces, which even then, in that lowly estate, existed in embryo ready for the breath of life which, when breathed into his spirit, made him a living soul. In all those methods of expressing life there runs like threads of gold through every fibre of human existence the recognition of a power not foreign to the human finite existence. It is of a superiority far transcending the human, and at times manifesting itself in a way that to his undeveloped soul is classified as marvelous.

While not comprehending the law through which those forces are being made manifest, it has appeared at times as if they had been set aside or revoked so as to exhibit to his unfolded mind that which seems a miracle. This being the result of his ignorance, will be remedied through the expansion of the soul, and knowledge of the fact that miracles do not exist; that whatever transpires in the material or spiritual realm is guided by a law that is immutable.

Tracing human life through the ramifications of its complex existence, back to the dawn of human history, and following it even into the realms which eventually merge themselves into the prehistoric, this one supreme, central idea of universal acceptance,—a belief in a divine, overshadowing Presence, proves that it is the normal condition of the soul to recognize that there exists a superhuman power; and a rejection by individual entities of that fact is proof that such human minds are not in accord with the truth.

A reverence for an intelligent acceptance of the truth of the existence of that infinite Presence, when it is based upon the evidence given through the highest medium for transmitting ideas,—the intuitive faculty, whose perceptions of and decisions in regard to the right or wrong of a theory are not based upon the intellect alone, but when under the control of the spiritual

faculties can be used as a powerful auxiliary for good, and when thus controlled can be relied upon, for from their position in the divine plan they are superior to all others; it being intended to have them more in harmony by recognizing all others as secondary conditions, controlled by the ever-present spirit. An unquestioning, unreasoning compliance with the "fossilized dogmas of sectarianism, is not being spiritually-minded. Their paths do not run parallel nor converge. The more enlightened the soul becomes by a study and obedience to those laws which in their operation lead "from nature up to nature's God," the stronger the internal evidence is that to be spiritually-minded is life, joy and peace.

Those external symbols, in the form of idols, intended to represent the human or animal were the lowest forms through which the idea of infinity was represented. Outward symbol was intended to convey a manifestation of the divine spirit. That the conditions of human development made such illustrations necessary is admissible, and as they fulfilled their purpose, like a garment outgrown and worn they were rejected. Sometimes the soul through the inspiration of its higher consciousness turns iconoclast, breaking the idols that it formerly worshiped, thus clearing the way for a new and higher ideal.

We can at times, with beneficial results, smite with a strong hand and indomitable will those idolatrous forms that have before our soul's vision tried to counterfeit the divine presence; if not in the form of inanimate matter, then the more condemnable when represented by ideals that have been instrumental in eclipsing our vision, causing us to be unconscious of that spiritual power which is omnipotent and ever present to the soul that is prepared for its reception.

Dr. Livingston stated that the lowest types of savage life that he met in his travels, recognized the fact of a superhuman power, and a belief in the soul's immortality which has withstood the shock that has destroyed nations and races, and which at the present time is extending its benediction over the earth as never before known. It is the supreme power that has kept human life moving steadily onward and must be admitted by every one who is capable of intelligently studying the causes which have brought life up to its present standard. This consciousness of the divine presence, has been the inspiration that enabled those heroic souls who were the witnesses of the truth and commissioners of an advanced light to the world, to maintain their integrity in the face of an demoniac in its ferocity. Savanarola, when about to suffer martyrdom at the stake was accosted by the bishop with, "I expel you from the church militant and from the church triumphant." Savanarola replied, "Not from the church triumphant, that is beyond your power."

A conscious recognition of the divine Presence empowered the possessor with a courage that is invincible when brought in contact with those powers which are seeking to suppress an open expression of the truth. In the hum-

ble walks of life, among those on whose brow fame has never placed her laurel wreath, are souls who are living in the conscious presence of that everlasting life. They have given all for the advancement of the truth and are ready to suffer that its principles may be triumphant and human life exalted, moved forward one step farther toward its great and mighty destiny.

We can not accept the views advanced by certain so-called reformers, that the race is becoming more materialistic and the moral tone of human society is on the descending scale. Such souls must be living in the lower realms of their being. Such views are too horrible to contemplate, and we turn from them to view life's brighter side.

Shakers, N. Y.

FINISH THY WORK.

FINISH thy work; the time is short;

The sun is in the West;

The night is coming down—till then

Think not of rest.

Finish thy work; then welcome rest;

Till then, rest never;

The rest prepared for thee by God,

Is rest forever.

Finish thy work; then wipe thy brow;

Ungird thee from thy toil;

Take breath, and from each weary limb

Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work; then sit thee down

On some celestial bill,

And of its strength reviving air

Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work; then go in peace;

Life's battle fought and won.

Hear from the throne the Master's voice;

"Well done! Well done!"

Finish thy work; then take thy harp,

Give praise to God above;

Sing a new song of mighty joy

And endless love.

Give thanks to him who holds thee up,

In all thy path below;

Who holds thee faithful unto death,

And crowns thee now!—*British Friend.*

MOTHER ANN LEE.

By Emma B. King.

ANN LEE was born February 29, 1736, in Manchester, England. She accepted the testimony of James and Jane Wardley, in 1758 and after suffering persecutions and imprisonment she embarked for America with eight of her followers, and arrived at New York on the 6th of August.

Why do we commemorate this day?

It is one hundred and twenty years, since Mother Ann, whom we acknowledge as the founder of our Church landed on the American shores. We celebrate the anniversary as a pleasant opportunity to renew our vows of consecration to the glorious cause which she espoused. We exalt the integrity of purpose which fitted her as a pure agent to disseminate light and truth to the world, and to reveal a way of salvation to all souls.

Those who associate as Brethren and Sisters in the Virgin Order,—the fruit of the revelation of God, through our Mother Ann, have a debt of gratitude, for sacred protection, which others may not comprehend. Its blessings and beauty open anew to our minds, as we realize that one baptism, one cross and one sacrifice enable "whosoever will" to find a spiritual home for both soul and body, under the parental guidance of God's love to mankind.

We have unlimited confidence in the Christ spirit that spoke through Jesus, which gave to the world so much of truth as it was prepared to receive, and which was renewed and perfected through Mother Ann.

It is only for this sacred feature of the gospel mission, that the landing of Mother Ann on the shores of America would be an event of moment to us, more than the landing of other people, either before or since. The spirit that breathed into her soul, was a purely, unselfish mission, and to this she remained faithful.

We rejoice that the testimony of Mother Ann was preached in a Free Land and that this church of Christ was established upon principles which are life unto life to those who obey them. The crowning feature of the life of Mother Ann was her loyalty to principle. She suffered severe persecution at the hands of both men and women, whose favor she might have sought.

Although we can not claim great experience in walking by the cross, even though surrounded by the angels of God, yet we honor and seek that birth of the spirit which through obedience may be ours and which was possessed by Mother Ann. She flinched not, but published the truth in its fullness, even in the midst of persecutions.

Our Mother's mission was to make it possible to build and maintain homes on a spiritual communal basis, and many happy companies of Brethren and Sisters, are prospering in the union and blessing which these homes have afforded.

We have a peaceful, happy home to-day,—It affords us the comforts of life, with temporal, moral and spiritual protection. This comes through the faithfulness of our gospel parents, in the seen and unseen world. But best of all, for which we are now giving thanks, is the knowledge of the Christ mission of Mother Ann, which has opened its arms as a loving father and mother, to this little band of brothers and sisters, as we stand in gospel union, and with the full assurance that we may win and wear a full crown.

East Canterbury, N. H.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

By Lillian Phelps.

IT would be impossible to picture to the mind, Jesus, without the attribute of love. Love shone like a bright star, through the truths that he uttered and in the parables he gave for instruction in his doctrine.

In many instances wherein he sought to touch the hearts of the poor sinful multitude which crowded about him, attracted by the love and forgiveness which he bestowed alike on all, we find the Pharisee, ready to accuse and condemn.

In the story of the woman, known to be a sinner, who came and anointed the feet of Jesus with precious ointment, (Luke vii., 36—50.) we read how the Pharisees rose in self-righteousness, and mindful only that she was a sinner, wondered that Jesus could not discern that she was unholy. Jesus, however, in his great love and tender mercy, saw beneath all this the sincerity which prompted the lowly service, and sent her away with the happy assurance, "Thy sins are forgiven."

Can not we, as followers of the divine Pattern, draw a valuable lesson from this little instance? How often in daily life, we can discourage a brother or sister by refusing to recognize a good effort, rather magnifying the mistakes and failures. Oh the accusing spirit of the Pharisee! how little it knows of the love of Christ!

We are chosen to become ministers of good to each other, Saviors to seek out the undeveloped germ of the divine in the worlds around us, and encourage and strengthen by sympathy and love, until it becomes the tree bearing fruit unto God.

East Canterbury, N. H.

A good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; temperance the best medicine.

One may gather a harvest of knowledge by reading, but thought—thought is the winnowing machine.

No man is good enough to govern another unless he has first governed himself.

THE MANIFESTO.

SEPTEMBER, 1899.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION.

THE MANIFESTO is published by the "UNITED SOCIETY OF BELIEVERS" on the first of each month, and is the only work issued regularly by the SHAKER COMMUNITY. Its aim is to furnish a plain and simple statement of the religious views of the ORDER and to inculcate the spirit of righteousness.

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NOTICE.

OUR little Magazine which at the present time is known as "THE MANIFESTO," issued its first number in January, 1871, at Watervliet, N. Y. At that time it bore the very pleasant but modest title, "The Shaker." It was the messenger of "good news," and in its advocacy of the testimony of the Christ, gave no uncertain sound.

Its publication has been sustained by the liberal contributions of the several Shaker Communities, as they have manifested a deep interest in its success as a medium for good to its own members, and

no less to those who were not residents of the Community.

Possibly it may be after a term of some thirty years, "THE MANIFESTO" has accomplished all the good it can for the present, and may now go into retirement till another wave of enthusiasm calls it again into action.

To all who have ministered to the success of the little paper, as writers or readers, or to its circulation, we extend our kindest thanks. Times have changed. Money is scarce and the several Societies have suffered with the laboring classes in the common distress.

It is now proposed that the December number of "THE MANIFESTO" for 1899, shall be the closing of the publication.

The Directors.

NOTES ABOUT HOME.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

July.

Average of Weather at Mt. Lebanon.

	Thermometer.	Rain.
1898.	75.3	2.125 in
1899.	72.42	7. "
Highest Temp. during this mo.	92	above 0.
Lowest " " "	"	50 "
Number of rainy days	"	9
" " clear	"	9
" " cloudy	"	13

July, 1899.

JULY has been quite a hurried month. It has given us seven inches of rain which is more than the three preceding months combined gave us. July gave vegetation a verdant coloring, which gives the landscape almost a vernal bloom. Notwithstanding the scanty showers of April, May and June, their total supply of rain was only six and one fourth inches, yet garden and farm crops showed very limited signs of drought. The garden has given

a bountiful supply of wholesome vegetables; the farm furnishes us with excellent new potatoes; the orchard gives us an ample supply of ripe apples; the nursery and berry bushes afford us a variety of small fruits. There is no danger at present of our perishing with hunger.

There has been a decided improvement made on our village street; more yet remains to be done. The road-bed is coated with gravel from the cross walk, (running from our dwelling to the infirmary,) and north to the junction of the two roads; the west wall of the blacksmith pond dam has been repaired; a substantial railing has been built on each side of the dam and the road has been gravelled, which is an improvement. The N. Y. State Road is at the point of completion. The Mass. end is being worked.

Our Ministry are at Hancock. It is a time of usual health in the Community.

Calvin G. Reed.

South Family.

July, 1899.

HOME NOTES and bird notes
How do they agree?
Bird notes are merry notes
So should Home Notes be.
Bird notes are musical
Full of light and life
Cheering ev'ry hearer
Like the harp and fife,
MANIFESTO Home Notes
From the writers' thought,
Can impart the music
Which the birds have taught.

When July laid its burdens down August rose up to the rescue; should we not as ready be to lend a helping hand in bearing the burdens of life? Ofttimes they are many and heavy for the willing few.

Eldress Miriam Offord of Enfield; Conn. honored us with a visit. We were spiritually benefited by her presence and were thankful for her coming.

She's just "what God requires of her
A messenger of love
A minister of light and peace
Her works they surely prove."

Saturday the 29th ult. we were favored with a call from our worthy friends Mr. and Mrs. Brannen of Denver, Col. Hope their next journey east will be of greater length but remembering "short visits make long friends" we will not regret brevity.

By kind invitation of our North family friends a happy band from here entered the land of Canaan, Thursday the 3rd inst. and devoted the day to blackberry picking. We found a rich harvest of that most healthful fruit.

Milk and honey we found flowing
Through the berries black there growing
Though the thorns were strong and great,
Yet we met with kindly fate.
Many thanks to northern friends
All the south to them extends.

Genevieve DeGraw.

North Family.

August, 1899.

BEAUTIFUL days and bountiful harvests of berries are ours. To be sure aching backs and scratched hands must be taken with the blue sky and deluges of sunshine but if we had no stubborn discomforts to beat our wings against how could we know that we had wings?

The tide of summer travel casts now and then an ebbing wave upon our lawn and some of the salt and some of the silliness too of the great world ocean linger for awhile in the atmosphere about us; one to be used as a needed tonic and the other as an equally needed warning.

The making of the State road promises to be no slight task. After the hard labors of the day, you may see squads of dusky-faced Italians on their errands of business or of pleasure. Poor exiles! How little they thought when playing among the olives and vines of their sunny land, a day would come when they would be laying roads among the hills of far away America. Are they homesick? Their swathy faces tell no tales. Does not God intend for us to have a kindly interest in the stranger at our gates? stranger to us but not to God. Are not we too busy or too indifferent?

It is Sunday to-day. One of those perfect days that Beecher calls a "flower dropped over the walls of Paradise." As usual we shall attend service at the Church family. Elder Levi, busy, burdened Elder Levi, has just come down the walk with a Sabbath peace on his face and the sound of his springy step, for he keeps a little chapel of fadeless springtime within the hoary cathedral walls of old Time's building, and the twitter of the birds are all that break the silence. Such perfect peace! And among the islands of the Pacific are our brothers at war. Life is indeed a hard nut but there is a rich, sweet kernel within, and it takes many blows from God's hand to bring it forth. If we, like peevish children, push His hand aside and insist upon breaking the shell ourselves, we shall get the kernel all the same but not without much self-bruising. Our nation is just now learning this lesson.

Think of the conference at the Hague! These are mad times, but also glad times, and best of all God's times. Will not this be one of the memorable summons of history? Is there not something gravely significant in the representatives of the old world of Europe and of older Asia suspending their deliberations at the Hague to celebrate our Independence Day?

Do we realize what is being done in little Holland just now? To use Stead's words, "A company of men is busy creating at the close of nineteen hundred years of nominal Christianity a court which will give the nations a chance to carry their disputes to some other judgment seat than that of war." How all our petty cares and toils, our bread and butter strivings sink into nothing in this broad white light of promise.

G. Ada Brown.

Shakers, N. Y.

July, 1890.

As we note the shortening of the days observable in the rising and setting of the sun, we are reminded of the words of

that old hymn commencing, "Our days are gliding swiftly by," and if we could we would not detain them. The present is constantly becoming history, as it is recorded in the annals of the past, and the prophetic future is becoming the living present. The pleasure of anticipation in looking forward gives the inspiration to every healthy mind to struggle for the best and make the future superior to the present.

During the month of July we were favored in a manner that seldom falls to our lot. Our Beloved Elder Ira Lawson spent Sunday the 23rd ult. with us, and although the visit was of short duration when counted by hours, yet the blessing that came to us while in spiritual communion with him could not be measured by an earthly standard. We also had a pleasant visit from Sister Sarah Cutler of Mt. Lebanon.

In reply to the question of Elder Oliver C. Hampton as to what will destroy the Curculio? we would state that our experience has been that the most effectual means to prevent its ravages is as soon as the fruit is past the blossom, to catch them by spreading a piece of cotton sheeting six or eight feet square, under the limbs and by a sudden jar on the limb they will fall and can be caught; and by burning them and all of the defective fruit that falls. The best time is in the morning while the insects are dormant. We have seen plum and apricot trees where this system was followed three or four times in a week; or better, every morning, to yield bountiful crops of fruit while those that were neglected yielded none of any value.

Hamilton DeGraaf.

West Pittsfield, Mass.

August, 1890.

WHEN last we visited the Home Circle, we were predicting fruitless harvests, and lamenting the dryness of the earth, because of the scarcity of the rain. But should we not make known the sequel

and as readily appraise the blessings as murmur at the ills of life?

The rain came. In copious showers, in lengthy "drizzles," in light mists; but interspersed with rays of sunlight, so that now earth is smiling in freshness and beauty.

It is now a beautiful morning. The green-covered earth is sparkling with millions of sunbeams, and the trees stand arrayed in treasures of bright crimson and gold. On such mornings as this one realizes more fully the significance of the words said to have been uttered in the last family prayer given by the author, Eugene Field. "Let us bring morning hearts to Christ." Not hearts only weary as at close of day, seeking rest; but hearts filled with praise, and bright with purpose, strong in an endeavor to do our best.

Why has August been so neglected by poet or singer we wonder. They tell of "June's Roses," of "Golden October," etc., but August is only noted for her sultry days, and—visiting flies. But who like August of all the months, fills in each detail of the rude sketch prepared for her by her preceding sisters. She rounds the apples and tinges them with sunlight hues; she bronzes the pears, and busily stores away sunbeams in fruit and vegetable; she touches each tree and flower with fuller, deeper beauty;—and then October comes along, and with a dash of color here and there, and a grand final swing of the brush; completes the picture;—and receives the glory.

We were disappointed,—very pleasantly, as to the hay harvest, and reports are now issued of a plentiful supply.

Pears are exceedingly abundant and apples, all that we shall need. An advance regiment of tomatoes have arrived from the fort across the way, with tidings of a well conditioned army soon to arrive. Those who survive the present season will be quartered with us for the winter, I presume.

Upon our mountain-side a city has lately been building; its cottages are exceed-

ingly light and airy, with no superabundance to intercede with nature's way.

Its inhabitants are natives of Italy's fair clime, and they are hewers and drawers of stone and earth building another mile of state road on the Massachusetts line, to meet that of New York, for the "Old Bay State," wishes to meet on an equal footing, always.

We have enjoyed the pleasant society, and kindly influence of our editor for several weeks, and now that he has returned to his old home, miss him very much. But there would be no welcomes, unless a farewell preceded, so we shall hope and trust, that the future may again see him at Berkshire.

Fidella Estabrook.

East Canterbury, N. H.

July, 1890.

THE Shaker Church was established one hundred and twenty-five years ago. The landing of eight persecuted souls in New York, Aug. 6, 1774, opened the history of our church work on this continent. It has long been our custom to commemorate this important event, and the current month brought no exception.

The Sixth occurring on Sunday, the anniversary exercises were presented to the society between the hours of 1-30 and 3-30 p. m. in our Old South Church. Each number on the well-arranged programme was especially appropriate to the occasion, the following giving particular pleasure:—
In our Home of Many Mansions.

Chorus.

A Historical Summary of the Church.

Why Do we Commemorate this Day?

Our Mother's Way.

Trio.

The World's Good Women.

Our Mother.

Acrostic.

A Bouquet of Flowers.

Little Girls.

Art thou Watching over me My Mother?

Quartet.

Choice Gems from our First Elders.

Thy Kingdom Come.

Children.

What will Bring the Heavens Nearer?

Chorus.

Links in Mother's Golden Chain. Youth.
 Mother's Crown. Little Boys.
 Our Mother Ann of To-day.
 Our Mother's Last Hymn.

While blessings rich and many are ours to-day, may we ever hold in sacred memory the names and testimony of those pioneer spirits, who suffered that our communal Christ homes might be established in this land of freedom.

Temporal prosperity is still vouchsafed to us. Beloved Elder Henry has been heartily welcomed home. No good friend or friends accompanied him from that lovely hospitable home at West Pittsfield, however. This would have been a pleasant sequel to a pleasant story.

Haying has closed at this date.

Jessie Evans.

Alfred, Me.

August, 1899.

DURING the past month, thunder showers have been of frequent occurrence. On July 21, we had a very severe one from seven o'clock p. m. when the storm broke until after midnight it was a continual roar of thunder and the lightning flashed all over the sky, it seemed like too armies met in battle. We are thankful to say that we did not suffer any from it, altho rumors of disaster came from all around us.

Hay is harvested and we find we shall have a plentiful supply with what was left over from last year's store. The Sisters are busy getting basket work ready for sale. At present Elder Henry Green is in the White mountains trying to exchange some of it for the almighty dollars which we need for the comforts of life.

We are having very cool weather, the evenings are quite chilly, if it continues to grow cooler we shall expect an early visit from Jack Frost.

We look forward each month with pleasure for THE MANIFESTO, for it is full of good things. It is one of the links that bind our homes together, for through its columns we hear from our gospel friends afar.

Eva M. Libbey.

Enfield, N. H.

July, 1899.

NEARLY four months have had their time since six of us were transferred from the Church order to this family, and our time has been fully occupied with the duties incident to the prevailing conditions, thus debarring us from some of the pleasures and duties pen and mind has enjoyed.

With the abundance of fruits and grains, coupled with the remembrance of the many joys that are ours as we live in nearness of thought to the Christ spirit, we rejoice and—

"Our heart's breathe the old refrain,
 Thy will be done."

Not according to any world levelling process, nor by any pagan conception of life, impeding expansion of individual and society life toward a higher degree of existence, but by the power of mind that will expand in duties and uprightness of spirit, valuing principle above human favor or material gift. It may not be essential that we echo and reecho the same remarks the founders of our societies heralded, but it is necessary that we give full consecrated lives to the principles that bind us together.

"Our fathers to their graves have gone;
 Their strife is past, their triumph won,
 But sterner trials wait the race
 Which rises in their honored place."

A careful inspection of our true condition will apprise us of the fact that "hands to work and hearts to God" is the imperative law of to-day that we may remain able to hold fast that which is good.

Our Church family have shone with new lustre; three buildings revealing very artistic dressing. With our kindred there we gather each Sabbath and exchange gifts of the spirit. With us change from family to family can not mar the ties of affection or withhold the aid each one is capable of giving. New voices may sound the gospel news and different themes inspire the lips; but never can new friends or modes of life take the place of old ones bearing the seal of Christly approval.

George H. Baxter.

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THE MANIFESTO.

Union Village, Ohio.

August, 1890.

We have very good roads around our Village, and our Supervisor, Bro. J. H. Fennessey, has very thoroughly gravelled them this summer as well as made many other improvements over our farms and premises; being our farm deacon as well as one of the Trustees. During the last eighteen months he has built many new fences, and cleared many places of rubbish, such as weeds, briars, fence-rails sticks and stones,—so that as I pass around the premises, I see many places altogether improved. I call this one of the emphatic ways of keeping the Gospel. For all this is in perfect accordance with our blessed Mother's testimony and teaching.

Last Sabbath, I read a discourse in our morning meeting, from the writings of Thomas A. Kempis, on "The joy of a good Conscience," and I think if we all would see to it that we keep that richest of pearls pure and unsoiled, we will enjoy even our temporal blessings in far more perfection and peace. It is said that temporal and spiritual go together, and this is true—nevertheless, the former must move, live, and have its being and actually emanate from the latter. Our yards are full of flowers, which give out their fragrance and beauty on every hand, and point to the Great Architect, whose wisdom and love, truth and goodness purity and peace, mercy and forgiveness, are deep and substantial, not only, but sublime and ornamental. But we are too far from any profitable market to make merchandise of our flowers, as they do at Alfred, Me., and as for Lebanon our county seat, one dandelion posy would glut the market there. So we must be contented with looking at them, which indeed is a great comfort—for "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

We are enjoying excellent health, and there is not a healthier location on earth than Union Village, Warren Co., O. Some 30 acres of our wheat yielded 29 bu. to

the acre (amounting to 870 bus.) We have about 6500 bushels of wheat this season but some of it was somewhat damaged by sprouting in the shock. However, we will not complain about that seeing we have been so abundantly blessed in our basket and store the present season.

Some of our oats yielded 50 bus. to the acre. We also have barley and rye and an excellent crop of potatoes. What we should like would be for some of our good Brethren and Sisters from the Eastern Country to come out here and settle right down on our vacated premises, and enjoy the comfort and blessing of the same. They would find such a good place to make a living out of the soil and an abundant welcome from the Society here.

I wish THE MANIFESTO prosperity and success and also all its editors and publishers.

O. C. Hampton.

Books & Papers.

What has been done of late in the educational world in the way of advance, and what lines the immediate future advance is to take are two cognate and related subjects treated in the Educational Number of THE OUTLOOK (August Magazine Number,) by two of the foremost educators and writers on educational topics—Professor Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, and President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University. The two articles form a memorable and unusual contribution to the literature of American education. (\$3 a year. The Outlook Co., New York.)

Hamlin Garland, Anthony Hope, John Kendrick Bangs, Harold Richard Vynne, Anna Robeson Brown, "Josiah Allen's Wife," Clara Morris, Kate Whiting Patch and Anna Farquhar are among the half-score of writers of fiction who contribute stories to the August *Ladies' Home Journal*. The Midsummer Fiction Number of the *Journal* is in many respects a notable magazine. It has brought together in a single issue some of the most popular story writers, and the most capable black-and-white artists to illustrate their work. Fiction, of course, predominates, but there is an abundance of timely, practical articles especially appealing to home and family interests and tending to lighten and brighten women's work. The Reverend Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., has an interesting arti-

THE MANIFESTO.

ele in this issue on The Diffusion of Happiness Through Conversation; the third of his Secrets of a Happy Life series, and Mrs. Burton Kingland and Emily D. Striebert write of With the Children on Sunday; their diversions and instruction; What Can be Done With an Old Farmhouse pictures how an old building may be artistically remodeled at small cost. On two other pictorial pages are shown the most cozy and attractive Houses in Woods, Valleys and Mountains: and The Sweetest of Summer Charities pictures the work of the flower missions in several cities. The latest feminine fancies in dress are set forth in The Gossip of a New York Girl; and Emily Wight writes of the Newest Styles in Hairdressing and Laces for Dress Trimmings. Mrs S. T. Rorer's cooking lesson is on Cold Dishes for Hot Weather; and Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Warman's health talks are on timely themes. For the boys Dan Beard explains how to make A Back-Yard Fish Pond. The editorial departments are more interesting than usual, and touch upon every phase of home life. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

MISSION OF THE SHAKERS by A. G. Hollister. A little pamphlet of thirty pages. It informs us that "the object of a Shaker life is purely religious and spiritual." It is self-conquest; salvation from all wrong doing, from selfishness to be utterly rid of the carnal life and will, through a perfect moral intellectual and spiritual obedience to the commandments of God. Pub. by A. G. Hollister, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

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